The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIX NO. 17 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1939 TEN CENTS A COPY

THE FACE OF AMERICA *By Jonathan Daniels*

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"I was in daily contact with murderers, thieves, burglars, gangsters, and confidence men, defaulters, English 'ticket-of-leave-men,' unfrocked priests, ex-convicts, 'lamisters,' army deserters, outcast and erring sons and daughters, pimps, prostitutes, exiles, impostors". . .

(See page 5)

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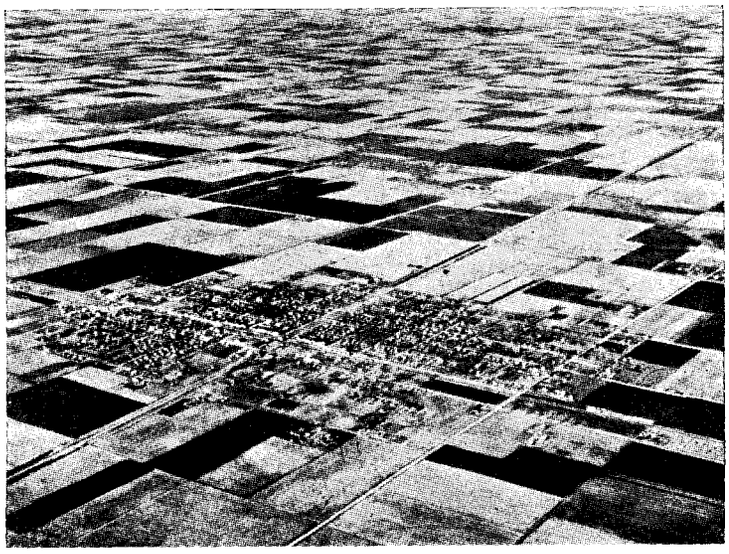
The Face of America

BY JONATHAN DANIELS



Daily Pantagraph, Bloomington, Ill.

"The face of America has, of course, changed. The wilderness has been cut by the plow" . . . (Farm Land in Central Illinois, from "Land of the Free" by Archibald MacLeish: Harcourt, Brace.)

WELL, the frontier came to an end like a wall, they said, and there was nowhere else in America for Americans to go. Maybe not, but never has there been such a going. If the geographers marked the land, Mr. Ford made the automobile. If the horizon became a fence, men could—and did—look under their noses. Americans moved, and in every section of their procession the new discoverers of America moved with them. As one of the tribe I know. The garrulous travelers and their tales remain. And between the tourist bureaus and the communists, as between West Quoddy Head, Maine, and Clallam county, Washington, the tales grow as tall as those Tacitus reported, which men of his age brought back from far countries where gentlemen carried their heads under their arms and ladies had bigger biceps from javelin-throwing than the stoutest members of the Praetorian guard. Today the marvels remain and the marvelers. But if some contemporary reports on America contain modern versions of unheard-of birds, monsters of the deep, and new but no less voracious anthropophagi, the sum of the books of these new discoverers, from WPA workers to advanced ecologists, should be providing the material which would help to make clearly discernible the face of this America.

Never were the materials for the precise drawing of the face of America more profuse. That biggest of travel books, the "Decennial Census of the United States," sits in every respectable public library. The atlas business has been put into mass production by the oil companies. The states maintain bureaus to inform the inquiring. Few towns are so reticent that they lack at least one organization to tell everything to everybody about them. The Federal government has sent its writers on relief down every American high road and into almost all the houses beside them. All the tractors, privies, radios, and silos have been counted. Also the pigs and the cows. We even possess neatly catalogued maps of the fingertip whorls of a large number of the citizens. There are records in Washington as to how many acres Black Bill Jones of Coahama county, Mississippi, planted in cotton and what Farmer Jones of Turkey Creek Township in Iowa did with that piece of bottom land down by Turkey Creek. We have reference books which tell us quickly where John D. Rockefeller and a good many other fellows were born, the bonded debts of all the counties, the average weekly wage of textile workers, the consumption of used cars, the ingot production of all the steel mills, the kilowatt-hour consumption of all the states, how many babies were born in 1938, and other details about these Americans in this America. We possess "The World Almanac," the "Social Register," "Who's Who," the "Congressional Directory," and the publications of the historical societies of every respectable community with a reverence for a past ten years or more deep.

And yet Terra Incognita remains. But it remains beyond the facts, not for lack of the assemblage of the facts. The philosophers, the new, numerous, and sometimes terrifying tribe of sociologists, the reformers, the politicians, and the public entertainers have all tried their hand at traveling over this land, at burrowing into its facts, at delving into its past, and seeking after its spirit. Some of them have done amazingly well. Herbert Agar, Gerald Johnson, Russell Lord, Richard Neuberger, Louis Adamic—to name only five—have recently added to the understanding of significant aspects of current American life. Dr. Howard Odum and his associates at Chapel Hill have provided facts for the South and example for America in their studies which aim at a healthy regionalism as an essential to the best nationalism. But beyond their work and that of others, America has so far managed to escape being put like a picture in a frame, being placed like a beetle on a pin. With all our new knowledge, we are where we began. The face of America still depends upon the eyes that see it rather than the scene they see. Truth remains in the old wisecrack, which was once more solemnly called a proverb, that the traveler is the same man at the end of his journey. The seeing of America, despite the so-called shut frontier, despite the automobile and the roads under them through the old wilderness, despite the piled facts and the new photography, is still the same human process which engaged our ancestors when some of them looked and saw a promised land and some of them looked and recognized their presence in a prison. America has not changed, nor the looking at it.

But we Americans like to think of ourselves as children of change, seeing every day a strange fresh world. We are vastly impressed by the fact that our grandfathers rode in buggies, while we move in Chevrolets. We speed up even on that sense of change. This 1939 seems a new time in a new America in comparison even with those years which ran to disaster in 1929. Now we are wiser and better or worse and more lost. So American life and civilization is looked at like a countryside seen through a train win-

Next Week

MY LIFE AND HISTORY
By BERTA SZEPS
Reviewed by Vera Micheles Dean

DEMON DAUGHTER
By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW
Reviewed by Frances Woodward

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dow and cut into pieces by telephone poles. Then is quickly gone and now is briefly here. We must see "America Now" as Harold E. Stearns and his thirty-six collaborators insisted last year in Stearns's experiment in seeking the aspect and a spirit of America at that moment. Mr. Stearns and his associates did not, I think, despite much wise writing and despite escape from clichés of thinking, succeed in fixing the image even of that hour. But last year's book served to emphasize the almost overwhelming idea of continual, rapid change in the face of America. And Mr. Stearns, I think, is a looker who deserves special consideration.

In 1922 with thirty other Americans he made an earlier inquiry into "Civilization in the United States." And he found America marked by such "emotional and esthetic starvation" that he went into more than a decade of exile as a race track reporter in the richer civilization of France. But the world, as Mr. Stearns sees it, has been toppling about Longchamps, and he as the home-coming American has discovered a changed America, far from perfect but also, in comparison with other lands, far less unsatisfying than it was in 1922. It has changed undoubtedly. Changed also is the world. But it is also possible that Mr. Stearns has mellowed with an aging process which is no invention of our new technologists. The seeing Stearns of 1938 may have changed much more than the world about him.

Mr. Stearns presents only the most dramatic evidence of this preoccupation with change. Certainly in any study of "America Now" that preoccupation deserves special consideration. If there is any one unity which runs through most of the writing about this contemporary America, it is that we are different Americans in a different America. Perhaps the boosters and the bulls started it. Though probably it began long before them. We have a notable tradition of brashness. But in the rich post-war years intellectuals like Mr. Stearns listened *ad nauseam* to the roaring optimism about the new high standard of American living. The pleased patriots counted bathtubs. They counted automobiles. They praised gadgets and worshiped machines. They spoke and they wrote about an America different from any past in all the material aspects of delight. They not only drove Mr. Stearns to intellectual cloister in exile, they also drove the stock market up and up to the point where it toppled and in toppling silenced them. They have been made too silent.

For we have been hearing about another entirely different America, which makes a much more doleful tale. But I doubt whether it is a more veracious one. America is different, we are told now, because there never was any such unemployment before. America is different because the American Dream has sickened and died. America is different because it is caught in the newest, most pitiful poverty ever known. For the first time, it is in effect suggested, America is not the land of the free. Certainly no sensible America would wish to minimize the sufferings of the submerged in America. Obviously there are limits upon human liberty and dignity which it ought not to be necessary to tolerate. But the prevalent notion that human difficulty in America is something strange and new seems to me as absurd as the idea that America had moved toward perfection because of a higher percentage in the presence of plumbing. And I doubt whether the big swing from loud pride to self-pity is pure progress. If they will look into themselves, without recourse to history books, most modern men must realize that men like them in an earlier time did not fill this wilderness because they wanted to. The voyage to America was not a pleasure trip. It was a trip undertaken largely by men who had to come to a new world or starve in an old one. Most of them had no more choice than the Negroes they later pulled after them out of the crowded slave stockades of Dahomey. Despite the stress placed upon religious and political liberty in the history books, the overwhelming probability is that the colonization of this land was the relief project of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. And coming to America was a more hazardous procedure than getting certified by WPA.

If a man did not have a job in the old days, it has been suggested, he could go over the mountains and take up a homestead. Whoever thinks that was easy will believe anything. But now, they say, the American Dream has faded. It undoubtedly has. It faded for most Americans soon after they landed. "Tobacco Road" is not a new thoroughfare. When old William Byrd of Virginia wrote his histories of the drawing of the dividing line between North Carolina and Virginia in 1728, he described a folk who would have met Jeeter Lester and all the members of his family on perfect terms of social and economic equality. In 1848, when that fair white-columned Southern civilization was supposed to be at its height, when rich Wade Hampton was taking 5,000 bales of cotton a year off his Mississippi plantations, a jeweler named William Gregg began the textile industry in South Carolina, not for profit but for philanthropy, to give jobs to some of the thousands of white people in South Carolina who even then, he said without any denial from his generation, were living in comparative nakedness and starvation on the land. Furthermore, in the same years Southerners were meeting the propaganda of abolitionists with at least as much accuracy with the description of the wages and working conditions of white girls and children in the Massachusetts mills. To speak irreverently, the American Dream has in large part always been a pumped-up delusion of suckers. It was no more related to the vision of the free man on his own land than to the hopes of Americans to make a killing in the Florida land boom or to get rich off the big board in the big bull market of 1928 and 1929. The American Dream may be dead but I, for one, have perfect faith in the resurgence of the American delusion.

The face of America has, of course, changed. The wilderness has been cut by the plow and, with the help of the plow, the rain has washed away the fertility in too much of the land. Steam has built the cities and the automobile has run wide hard roads from them across the land. Electricity is stirring the old quiet country-side. But in present looking at America, as the books show that looking, the change of mood from boom to depression, like the changing of spectacles, is, I think, more important.

Americans as men and people have not so vastly altered, and their writers remain very human despite the substitution of typewriter for pen. With improved methods of transportation, Americans have to a considerable degree escaped the provincialism of place. Not even Negroes in the South any longer expect Yankees to be men without heads; they hope instead that they will be men with larger tips. But far above the Southern Negro there are men writing books who are still caught tight in the provincialism of time, in the provincialism of doctrine, and in the persisting provincialism of prejudice. Contemplating the vastly larger numbers of "educated" people in these United States, it seems to me remarkable how many write of the present as if an entirely new world began with it. There are

(Continued on page 14)

Precept and Example

By JOHN DILLON

THE sense
Seeks ascetic intelligence.

Beneath your clear and lovely flesh
Is bone,
Stimulus and the synaptic flash
And nerves to an erogenous zone.

The duty
Of the mind is to beauty.

Under the simple shallow of your brain
Bright
With consummate brightness is the clean
And unbearable body of delight.

Somewhere perfection
Between the concept and reaction.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; George Stevens, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year, Canada $4. Vol. XIX, No. 17, February 18, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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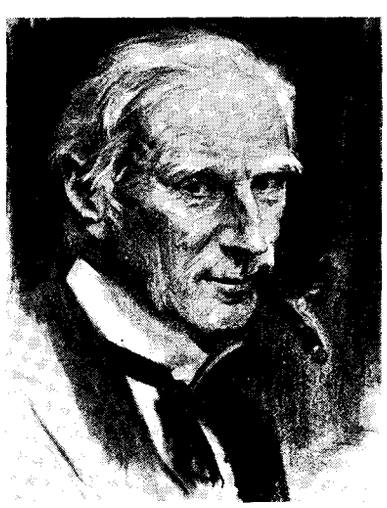
Mr. Train and Mr. Tutt

MY DAY IN COURT. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

THIS is a double-barreled autobiography. On the surface it is a candid, colorful, and engaging account of Mr. Train's double career as lawyer and writer from his beginnings as a fledgling prosecutor in the early 1900's to the present. But it is also the story of a young man who wanted to write from the first, got into another profession, and finally used that profession to write himself out of it. The fireworks and the best anecdotes are in the first story. But it is the second one that I would like to prescribe for the myriads who feel vaguely that there must be some magic trick that turns tadpoles into authors and that just as soon as they have finished their correspondence course they will instantly appear in the large circulation magazines. Even if, as is all too possible, the story of Mr. Train's adventures in the jungle of the law makes them feel they ought to drop the correspondence course and rush to get a job with Mr. Thomas E. Dewey.



Drawing by Gordon Stevenson
Mr. Tutt—"Mr. Train is proud of him and with justification" . . .

Writing as a career wasn't quite respectable in the Boston of Arthur Train's youth. Train had always wanted to write but he obediently went through law school to the destined goal of a job in a New York law office where he could sit at a desk, look out on an air shaft, and feel as if he were imprisoned at the bottom of a well. Then chance stepped in and through luck, nerve, and a willingness to work for nothing, he suddenly found himself a prosecutor in the district attorney's office, in the heyday of Big Tim Sullivan and honest graft. Reform was trying to clip the claws of the Tammany tiger but New York was still a wide open town; suspicion and inertia hung over the district attorney's office like a pall; and the judges as a rule were "fine old Irish gentlemen" of the old easy-going school. For seven years "I was in daily contact with murderers, thieves, burglars, gangsters, and confidence men, defaulters, English 'ticket-of-leave-men,' unfrocked priests, ex-convicts, 'lamisters,' army deserters, outcast and erring sons and daughters, pimps, prostitutes, exiles, impostors," remarks Mr. Train with great calm. In other words he had the majestic good fortune as a writer to be introduced while young to more different sorts of human material than a thousand writers could use in a thousand stories. Of course he could not use all of it even with the aid of Mr. Tutt. But some of the best and richest of it is here.

Here is Mabel Parker, the convent-bred queen of the forgers, and here is William Travers Jerome, the dashing choleric Tom Dewey of his day. Here is the amazing tale of the man who thought he was the long lost Charley Ross—and was he or wasn't he? Mr. Train does not think that he was, but he is not absolutely sure. Here is that gorgeous impostor the self-styled "Duc de Nevers" who took in not only Mr. Train but multitudes of others. And as for murders, treasons, stratagems, and spoils — just take a look at the list of chapter headings. For here is the Van Cortlandt Park murder and two other cases that might have come out of Dr. Watson's own notebook — the case of the Maximilian Diamond, the Case of the Three Old Maids. Here, in brief, is a continuously fascinating panorama of human oddity, human incident, human character, from the convicted criminal who remarked to the young prosecutor, "When I get out I'm going to kill you if it takes the rest of my life," to the flashy velvet-collared passenger on the *Paris* who said to the older lawyer, "You did me the greatest service of my life. You sent me to Sing Sing for ten years."

It is unfair to spoil Mr. Train's stories for the reader, but I should like to mention in passing the Recorder quoted by Mr. Train who, in delivering sentence, remarked, by rote, "Holtz, you have pleaded guilty to the crime of stealing a ship's anchor. The crime of stealing a ship's anchor is becoming entirely too prevalent in this community." And to the story about the mushroom spawn that you will find on page fifty-four. But it is hard to pick favorites.

Yet through all the excitement and adventure of the early years runs one consistent thread—the author's gradual realization that writing, not the law, was his real career. The young prosecutor began to make stories of the things he had seen soon enough, and shortly afterwards to publish them. But it took a good many years for him to abandon the law entirely. He had to resign from the district attorney's office first, try civil practice with its ups and downs, go through a completely fantastic experience covering the trial of the Camorristi at Viterbo, help found the Authors' League of America, and, at long last, become writer instead of lawyer (except of course for the long and fruitful practice of the firm of Train and Tutt). Now, as he genially remarks, he is known among writers as a lawyer, among lawyers as a writer. But he himself knows precisely what he thinks about both professions and on each he has valid and pithy comments to make.

The last hundred pages of "My Day in Court" indeed contain a great deal of sound, skillful, and honest comment on the business of writing. I say the business not the art because Mr. Train has little patience with highbrows—sometimes I think too little—and because he goes about it in a businesslike way. But I will stress the honesty of his point of view because that is important. A good many writers' autobiographies waver between professional mock modesty and a beautifully naive Jack Hornerism. There isn't a trace of either here. This is the advice of a skilled craftsman—a commercial writer if you like but a man who was born to write—and he talks about his own career objectively and without bunkum. He has written because he wanted to write and enjoyed it. He has made money out of his writing and he has enjoyed that too, and says so candidly. And where success is concerned he knows just how much it means to be called the American Voltaire (for three months) and what happens to best sellers once the fanfare is over. He cannot teach you how to write any more than he can teach you how to be a successful prosecuting attorney. But he can show you with genial, disarming candor how one man went about it and what happened to him. I happen to think that in one chapter "In Defense of Popularity" he overstates the case to be made for the highly paid writer. But there is this to be said as well. Mr. Train is proud of Mr. Tutt and with justification. The book contains no pedestals for statues of Mr. Train.

Here is a human life—or more precisely two human lives rolled into one and lived by the same person. A lucky and crowded life—a fortunate one on the whole—yes it is all of that and Mr. Train would probably be the first to admit it. But that does not impugn its value. You do not have to be Marie Bashkirtzeff in order to write a good autobiography, and these are the memories and comments of a shrewd and civilized observer who has seen a great deal more of the human comedy than most of us and played his part in it with gusto—and sometimes with his tongue in his cheek. There will be other autobiographies along this season—some of them more pretentious. But I doubt if any of them will make better reading than "My Day in Court."

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New Light on Lincoln

LINCOLN AND THE CIVIL WAR IN DIARIES AND LETTERS OF JOHN HAY. Selected with an introduction by Tyler Dennett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1939. $4.

Reviewed by EMANUEL HERTZ

WHEN the Union in 1861 was brought face to face with disruption, Providence brought together the embattled leader, matured by a life of struggle, with his young law student John Hay, and established an intimacy between them such as existed between him and no other mortal. Hay became the one comforting influence during the sleepless nights when the great Commoner would seek repose at his young secretary's bedside by reading from Shakespeare and the Bible or from Hood and Artemus Ward. It was Hay's duty to go on all sorts of missions for the President, searching out the truth, carrying messages, and seeking counsel. In private conferences, on battlefields, and in editorial sanctums, the clear-headed young secretary was of great help to the sorely beset President.

John Hay became saturated with the flood of experiences that came along from day to day—and from hour to hour. The only relief he could find was to make a record of his impressions of these events. And so posterity was to be enriched by the diaries which he kept when actually in the White House, recording what seemed of importance. It is this gift which Dr. Tyler Dennett brings to the host of those interested in Lincoln.

Clara Hay decided to print her husband's diaries—but not publish them—and distributed them among those few who were fortunate to have been drawn into Hay's exclusive orbit. Hay became so thoroughly acclimated to the Lincoln atmosphere in the White House that he was never at home or at rest elsewhere. He was at his best during the years from 1858 to 1865. He was happy and completely occupied as Lincoln's secretary, as Lincoln's companion, as the repository of Lincoln's secrets and confidences. What young Hamilton meant to Washington, what Madison meant to Jefferson, young John Hay, even to a greater extent, meant to Lincoln. Hay was not merely Lincoln's companion to laugh with, but one before whom Lincoln could think aloud. Young Hay possessed a versatility equaled by few. At twenty-six, he was the secretary of the ablest of those who ever occupied the White House. At thirty-one he was a diplomat. At thirty-four, he was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. At thirty-seven, he was editor of the *New York Daily Tribune*. In 1883-84 he was a novelist. In 1890, he was to become Lincoln's biographer in conjunction with Nicolay. He was Ambassador and Secretary of State at sixty-six, and a public speaker of rare ability.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Dennett's work stopped with December 1870. The biography of Abraham Lincoln was the great work of Hay's life—a work for which he had been preparing since he left the White House. The hope, the idea of presenting the Lincoln he knew to posterity never left him. And the work, having been prepared and given to the world under the supervision of Robert T. Lincoln, resulted in the greatest tragedy of John Hay's life. It is unfortunate that Dr. Dennett decided to omit Hay's letters to Robert T. Lincoln, to Henry Adams, and to John Nicolay—disclosing John Hay's own opinion, and his lament at the destruction of his magnum opus.

The letter to Robert T. Lincoln, January 27, 1884, in which he asked Robert to

John Hay in 1861

"read with pencil in your hand and strike out everything to which you object. I will adopt your view in all cases, whether I agree with you or not." Again in his letter to Robert of January 6, 1886, "I had struck out of my own copy . . . everything you objected to"—"before final publication I shall give you another hack at it with plenary blue pencil powers." The letter to Henry Adams, August 4, 1889. "I only wonder at the merciful Providence which keeps my critics away from the weak joints in my armor. Laws-a-mercy; if I had the criticising of that book what a skinning I would give it!"

There is no reason why the entire diary should not have been reproduced. All of it is vital. In this diary Hay spoke without any restraint; here he set down what few if any ever saw or heard—and the service of Dr. Dennett for making most of it available cannot be overestimated. True, some parts of it had percolated into the big biography and into some magazine articles—but the consecutive comments so unconsciously made, as the spirit moved him, and as the events followed each other, are nowhere as authoritatively set forth. We see the Washington society as he saw it, pictured here with Hay's artistic touch and temperament, as a worthy supplement to Dr. Dennett's fine life study of John Hay.

Here is more proof that the definitive life of Lincoln is yet to be written. How could any of them be complete without the slightest reference to the John Hay letters and diaries? A most inviting task beckons to men of the mental stature of the author of John Hay's life and the editor of his letters and diaries.

Emanuel Hertz is the author of "The Hidden Lincoln" and "Lincoln Talks."

Lincoln on the Stage

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS. By Robert E. Sherwood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. $2.

TO one who has seen Mr. Sherwood's play, it is simply amazing how gripping is the Lincoln story, as presented by Mr. Massey from the text of Mr. Sherwood. It has something of the eternal in it. There is little that is new in it—

> There is no new thing to be said of the mountains, of the sea or of the stars. The years go their way, but the same old mountains lift their granite shoulders above the drifting clouds, the same mysterious sea beats upon the shore and the same silent stars keep holy vigil above a tired world. And thus with Lincoln. For he was mountain in grandeur of soul, he was sea in deep undervoice of mystic loneliness, he was star in steadfast purity of purpose and of service; and he abides.

It is this idea which permeates Mr. Sherwood's play and book. He is one of the few who has grasped and held firm the elusive personality which is Lincoln's. He has achieved something which very few others have achieved. Lincoln's soul speaks in these lines—and nothing else really matters. He shows the long struggle which holds Lincoln with a stranglehold before the real Lincoln emerges. Many have sought that remarkable phenomenon—the real Lincoln—few have succeeded in disentangling him from the mountains of verbiage and useless impedimenta considered essential by the entire fraternity of Lincoln expositors which served but to befog what they were seeking. Each persists in his theory and buttresses up what he believes to be the solution—but the spirit is not in him or in his inept screed. But who can read this play and not feel that he is communing with Lincoln's great soul struggling to convince a skeptical and hostile world?

He is preparing slowly, but thoroughly, he is demonstrating to himself that this theory is sound—and when he is convinced, he becomes irresistible. When he

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has done that he tells all in a single debate with Douglas. In it the author epitomizes all that Lincoln stands for up to that time, shows in a most satisfying manner that he is prepared to cope with this major problem of his life and of the nation's life—henceforth indissolubly linked. Lincoln convinced the American people then—and he convinces us now; Mr. Sherwood's version of the Lincoln message of 1858 and 1860 is so genuine and real that the reader forgets time and place and is ready to applaud the sentiment and the conclusion which the author puts into Lincoln's mouth in this, of all years, which is troubled with so many similar problems.

Tea with Lemon

THE ADVENTURE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMIN. By Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

SYLVIA THOMPSON, grown mellow with time, presents no problem in "The Adventure of Christopher Columin" except that of entertaining the reader. Unless it is fair to count as a problem the difficulty which this reader, at least, found in hitting on a proper pronunciation for the hero's surname.

Christopher is a middle-aged American whose wife is all for the cultural life as pursued in Green Plains, Mass. And Christopher, in the tradition of two or three rather more distinguished literary figures before him, runs away from it all. He is rich, and thus runs in considerable style—via the *Queen Mary* and the Channel planes. He advertises for, and finds, delightful English relatives. He writes to a mythical French relative who turns out to be even more delightful. He visits them all, and loves it. Considering the relatives already known to us personally, it would seem sheer lunacy to look for more. However, we are not, and alas never will be, the hero of a light English novel.

There are two agreeable English children to whom Christopher plays Fairy Bountiful. Sabrina, in Miss Thompson's nice phrase, "seems one moment like a flower, the next like a puppy," and is also prone to recite verse—good verse, at that. There is Christopher's wife's lover, and the Countess Zaza, and the statue from the sea, and Venice, and the blue, blue coast of France. There is the cozy rectory, and lots of good food, and a reasonable supply of good talk, and everything turns out beautifully in the best of several worlds, for everyone concerned.

One of the characters, along toward the end, inquires if one lump of sugar is not enough for the second cup? Miss Thompson has managed to keep just within this formula, and "The Adventures of Christopher Columin" is a well bred cup of tea with about enough lemon. Not everyone's dish, maybe, but cheering in this gray February.

Unfinished Symphony

SONS OF THE PURITANS. By Don Marquis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

FOR those who wish to know how stories end, and for those who believed in Don Marquis's genius, this book is a tragedy:—it is unfinished; the approaches to death caught him at the 308th page. But what pages in these 308! Here are all the familiar strands and strains of the Mid-Western novel: the boy growing up out of tune with his Philistine environment, the rival Protestant sects that rule the town, the girl with too much sex, the evangelist with the same trouble, the eccentrics good and bad, the conflict between explosive life on a new soil and the grip of Puritanism gone stale.

They are all there and they make the plot, but with this every resemblance to routine Mid-Western fiction ends, and

From the jacket of "Sons of Puritans"

only greater comparisons, with Mark Twain, with Booth Tarkington at his very best, occur to the reader. For "Sons of the Puritans" was to be a very fine novel indeed, an American classic, I think, and even as Volume I, "Youth,"—which is what Don Marquis has written—it is, I believe, of durable quality.

For into this story of mid-America Don Marquis has put his view of life, which is tragic, ironic, as well as affectionate. He was one of those humorists whose imagination runs in three dimensions, with depth always below his height. He is at his best in this book, and not only in a satire which is sometimes fierce, as in the episode when the rival pastors quarrel over their sinners; sometimes tolerant and wise, as when a female evangelist carries her surplus of religious energy over into a sexual experience; sometimes severe to cruelty, as in his account of the village liberal captured by the fanatics in his senility. Delightful characters wander through his novel, as quaintly fantastic as archy the cockroach—Mister Splain who said he had been an outlaw with Jesse James, Miss Paisley the mortuary poetess, Aunt Matilda who was created to make the world virtuous. And there is one terrible figure of tragedy—Billy Boyd, the drunken printer, who killed himself to escape the kind of Puritanism this story is written to lift into a bad eminence.

No one who loved Don Marquis or who wishes to see what he could contribute to American literature should miss this novel. Let them write the end for themselves—there is enough life, love, humor, hate, and imagination in what was written to build a dozen conclusions upon. Don, as the appendix shows, had not made up his own mind how to end.

Life in Quebec

LUCIEN. By Vivian Parsons. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THIS novel is the latest recipient of the Avery Hopwood prize, awarded annually at the University of Michigan, and this is one of those satisfying instances in which the novel sheds as much honor upon the award as it receives. For "Lucien" ushers in a literary career evidently destined to be long and fruitful. By it Miss Vivian Parsons is revealed to be a writer endowed with most of the classic narrative talents: an easy, flexible prose style that leaves none of its traces upon the story, an understanding of the basic human emotions and the power to express them, a feel for the variety and differentiation of character, with the facility for illuminating this in the turn of a phrase, and above all the strong and dominating talent which can only be described as narrative facility. The story is the thing here, and one measure of her competence is the way in which the capacities catalogued so precisely above are fused to the vanishing point. You will read the story through to the end before you begin to think of the writing that has gone into it.

The book is set into a small city in Quebec. Lucien Charbonneau is a strong-willed and highly emotional girl whose life we follow from the aspirations of childhood to the frustrations and compromises of maturity. It is not a usual or a predictable life, for Miss Parsons has not needed to make use of any stock situations. There is the stamp of reality upon her people; they are fresh and vital, and as original as life itself. Lucien is loved by a young man too weak to save her from her father's cupidity. Her marriage to a rich farmer is arranged and consummated, and she finds herself at last impelled into this heartless arrangement by all those about her in whom she had trusted. Her development inside of this situation is the moving force of the book. The story of Lucien is so intertwined with other lives as to be, beyond its nature as a personal narrative, an evocative section of French-Canadian life, harsh, sentimental, traditional. Few first novels of recent years have offered such a thorough demonstration of distinctive ability.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Democratic Dilemma

MR. MUMFORD'S contribution* to the current literary barrage against fascism is stronger in its protasis than in its apodosis, more cogent in its whereases than in its be-it-resolveds. Even if men must act, it does not necessarily follow that they must act in a certain way; some of the worst blunders in human history have sprung from the hysterical conviction that something must be done.

But if one can see objections to the American foreign policy proposed by Mr. Mumford, there can be nothing but praise for his analysis of the reasons that compel us to have a foreign policy—and to have a good one, or else. He understands the nature of fascism considerably better than the optimists who think that if you keep on saying "Good doggie" and tossing them enough bones, the wolves will quiet down. Under a capitalist oligarchy, he observes, politics can be interpreted by economics; but in fascist motives "politics is the driving force, economics the rationalization." The argument that the have-not nations must be appeased is meaningless because nothing will appease them; "in order to maintain their doctrines and their party bureaucracy intact, they must increase their conquests and pyramid their claims." He is not much impressed by the complaint that the Treaty of Versailles drove the Germans to fascism; they would have made a worse treaty if they had won; and the worst thing about that one was the reparations, which they paid with borrowed money. "The fascist countries are no longer simply political states, they are states of mind"; and it is foolish to think that they can be checked by bankruptcy. A closed economy can laugh at technical bankruptcy so long as public morale is kept up, even if it is partly kept up by the concentration camp. No, the fascist states will not be stopped unless and until somebody stops them.

And who is going to stop them? Mr. Mumford perceives something to which many American isolationists are only slowly awakening—that the Munich surrender undermined the basic presumptions of their creed. Classic isolationist doctrine was never better stated than by Mr. Hoover, with the enthusiasm of the convert, at Chicago on February 1st; but his whole argument hung on the postulates that England and France would resist Germany and Italy, even without the promise of American help, and that so resisting, they could win. Since Munich, neither of those points can be taken for granted.

"To coöperate with a Chamberlain," says Mr. Mumford, "is to invite upon our own heads a betrayal similar to that which Czechoslovakia encountered." Start coöperating, thinking you are coöperating to resist, and you may find that you are coöperating in a new appeasement, the cost of which will not be paid by England so long as anybody else has anything to pay with.

All this is a sound and accurate picture of the dilemma in which the President and the State Department now find themselves. They dare not refuse to coöperate with England and France, for fear England and France might then buy their way out by coöperating with Hitler; yet they dare not get themselves too deeply involved, remembering what happened to Benes, who trusted French promises and the British sense of fair play. It is a situation in which any private citizen might well thank God for privacy and impotence, content to let the constituted authorities find their way out. But Mr. Mumford is made of sterner stuff; he proposes that we promptly take our stand by unilateral action on a policy of complete non-intercourse with Germany, Italy, and Japan.

No more trade with them; get all our citizens out of those countries, and deport all their citizens from the United States; "liquidate as far as possible all short and long-term investments" (but surely the fascist governments could be depended on to do that liquidating for us); and "withdraw the privileges of citizenship from naturalized citizens who accept the fascist doctrine of dual allegiance." And what good would all this do? Well, the first and great thing is that it would stop the retreat—show the fascists that we are not afraid of them, and show other people too; "it would rally what is left of the forces of democracy in Europe, if they can be rallied at all"; it might even encourage the British to select some leader a little more viscerate than Mr. Chamberlain. And even if the fascists responded by declaring war on us, they are all too busy just now to do us much harm.

So far one can go along with Mr. Mumford. Domestically, this policy would cause considerable local economic distress; but we could stand non-intercourse, he argues, better than any other country; and to compensate individuals and classes who suffered from it, as New England merchants suffered without compensation under Jefferson's non-intercourse policy, would be cheaper than war. One can still go along with him, as a matter of economics; but in a democracy, this is a matter not only of what could be done, but of what you can persuade people ought to be done. Such a drastic step could be taken, voluntarily, only after the national emotion had been whipped up to such a peak as seems impossible unless you are actually going to war.

The practical difficulties, too, would be more considerable than Mr. Mumford realizes. How are you going to tell which naturalized citizens are good Americans and which are still Nazi Germans or Fascist Italians at heart? Just ask them, and believe their answers? Or set a lot of spies to watch them? Further, says Mr. Mumford, there are elements among us who are sympathetic to fascism; "up to a little while ago" most of the Catholic hierarchy could be counted among them, but now they have had a "belated change of heart." One would like to know where he finds the evidence for this optimism; still, he leaves the bishops aside, now; we don't need to worry about them. But there are industrial reactionaries who must be kept in their place by the maintenance of the Wagner Act; and a vigorous WPA program must be kept going, to save American workers from "that state of desperation which prompts men to accept the slavery of fascism."

We agree with Mr. Mumford that all that is an admirable program. Unfortunately most Republican politicians, and a good many Democrats, interpret last fall's elections as a mandate for quite different policies. Suppose we need to do all that, and they won't do it, how are you going to handle the deadlock? Mr. Mumford does not go into that; but in other details he seems ready for drastic measures. "It is imperative at once to disband all private armies, including extra-governmental cadet corps." (V.M.I. and Culver are to close their doors?) "Uniforms should be prohibited to all private bodies, except workers who need identification." Thus apparently the Boy Scouts and the G.A.R. will alike be liquidated, and the Shriner will wear his fez only at the risk of the concentration camp.

But this is not what Mumford means? Maybe not, but that is what his words imply, and if he starts picking and choosing and discriminating, enforcing the law only on some people and not on others, he is going to get into quite a lot of trouble. Also, wherever the laws of the United States and the Bill of Rights are suspended by local fascist organizations, as in Jersey City and lately in Louisiana, the President should be empowered to declare martial law in order to restore the processes of constitutional government.

Earlier in the book, Mr. Mumford declares himself against the cutting of Gor-

* *MEN MUST ACT. By Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1939. $1.50.

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dian knots; in a democracy you have to untie them. But here he is, swinging his machete at every knot in sight. Who would decide what local political organization is "fascist" enough for the President to supersede it by martial law? Presumably the President; it is hard to imagine that he would allow anybody else to control his action. Possibly President Roosevelt could be trusted with such powers, though the Senators he tried to purge last summer would hardly think so; but give such powers to any of three or four men who might be elected in 1940, and half the country would presently be under martial law.

These points are not essential to Mr. Mumford's program; his doctrine of non-intercourse as at once a psychological gesture and a measure of preparedness, beating the fascists to the punch, is worth thinking about; and his analysis of the present situation of the United States in world affairs is clear, realistic, and we believe incontrovertible. But there is a note of hysterical urgency about his whole argument—justified, perhaps; but it must be repeated that even if men must act, that does not necessarily prove that they must jump at the first idea that offers.

Also and above all, if you are going to defend democracy against fascism, you can't very well do it by telling large numbers of the citizenry that what they believe and what they want is all wrong, and you are going to do what is good for them whether they like it or not. You may defend something that way, if you have the power; but when you have got through defending it it won't be democracy. The national administration has far more power and far more prestige than it had in Jefferson's day; if we should decide that non-intercourse was a policy worth trying, we could try it without instituting what Crane Brinton would call a Reign of Terror and Virtue.

ELMER DAVIS.

Letters to the Editor

"Limestone, Corn, and Literature"

SIR:—"Limestone, Corn, and Literature" in your issue of December 17, 1938, so excited me that I rushed out and bought four additional copies from the student store at Southern California where I happened to be for a conference at the time. Since I mentioned it in much of my correspondence, I am hearing about it from others who have read it and liked it.

I am going into particulars about this—and I am not one who rushes to mail letters to newspapers or to telephone my radio station—because it seems to me we ought to have more stuff like this fellow Cordell writes. In my job, I am constantly conferring with groups of teachers about improving instruction. This fall I surveyed, as one of a committee, some experimental high schools in California. The aim of all these teachers of "Social Living" is to vitalize and increase the effectiveness of instruction, to relate school to the world at large. Naturally English literature has a prominent place in any such attempt. I can take an article like Cordell's "Limestone, Corn, and Literature" and point to it: "Here is the way to make literature real to your students. This links school reading to life and leads naturally to the formation of lifelong habits of reading."

My special charge is the junior colleges of the state. There are forty-three with an enrollment of more than 50,000 students. Such articles are even more appropriate for students at that level of maturity. Of course, English is only one concern of mine; like Horace "Nihil humani alienum a me." But then you are not narrow in your offerings either. Take your issue of January 14, 1939—the one that carries another review by Cordell, of Sassoon's "The Old Century, and Seven More Years," Leonard Bacon's editorial on Hogben's "Science for the Citizen" presents important viewpoints for our embryonic scientists, while the review of Waugh's "Going Their Own Ways" incites one to sociological studies (within limitations).

However, not to labor the point, Cordell's article on Hoosier writers is so much more important than just reviews: it gives the synthesis of a generation; the overview which makes reading have values beyond the immediate enjoyment of each book. Probably I shall not write you again—certainly I do not threaten to inflict my views upon you often. But I did like, as you surely have gathered, "Limestone, Corn, and Literature." And for a Californian to praise something outside California is news, I hear!

FRANK B. LINDSAY, *Assistant Chief Division of Secondary Education*
Sacramento, Cal.

A Correction

SIR:—Mr. E. Baldwin Smith, whose excellent book on "Egyptian Architecture" was discussed in *The Saturday Review* for January 28, 1939, might justly apply to the reviewer the vigorous rebuke of Oedipus to Tiresias in the Sophoclean play:

"Thou art blind in ears and mind and eyes."

The reviewer offers public and sincere apology for the misstatement that Mr. Smith failed to include in his bibliography reference to George A. Reisner's "The Development of the Egyptian Tomb." This important book is mentioned on page 35, and in footnotes elsewhere. Even to himself the reviewer's "blind spot" in eye and mind is inexplicable, for he especially sought for reference to this book, and missed it.

A. S.

"Writ in Water"

SIR:—As if carved upon granite, this appears to be one of the enduring phrases of our language and literature. Never was prophecy more gloriously unfulfilled, though Keats's modest estimate must then have seemed invincibly right.

As a mere phrase, however, it had been used several times before Keats. Bartlett ("Familiar Quotations," Boston, 1895, p. 37—"Words writ in waters" from Chapman's "Revenge for Honour," V, 2; 197—"All your better deeds Shall be in water writ, but this in marble" from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," V, 3; 100—"Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water" from Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII," IV, 2) gives examples, at least one of which the belated Elizabethan may have seen and remembered. There is an earlier *ritornello* of the fifteenth century which it is improbable he had met.

Of course writing in water may be as old as writing in the sand, perhaps older. But one thing is to the utmost of my information sure—no one but Keats ever made a *Hic jacet* of it.

CHARLES BELL BURKE.
University of Tennessee,
Knoxville, Tenn.

"This is the real novelty of the Spring. It's just made the best-seller list."

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(Left) At the P.E.N. Club dinner in New York last week, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt spoke on opportunities for writers in reporting the American scene; Louis Bromfield, at her right, discussed the dangers of Fascism. Mr. Bromfield has moved back to Ohio after several years in France. . . . (Above) Honoré Morrow, whose new book is "Demon Daughter: the Confession of a Modern Girl and Her Mother."

From Louisiana, Julia Truitt Yenni (above), author of "This Is Me, Kathie," sits next to Burton Rascoe at the annual Southern Writers' Luncheon in New York. . . . (Right) Leonora Speyer, whose latest book of poems is "Slow Wall," walks through Gramercy Park. . . . (Below) Margaret Fishback, popular light versifier, has written a sprightly guide to etiquette in "Safe Conduct."

Ted Allan (above), Canadian journalist, has written a novel about the Spanish war, "This Time a Better Earth" . . . . (Below) Margaret Bourke-White and Erskine Caldwell look over an early copy of their forthcoming book, "North of the Danube." *(Pictures of the month by Disraeli)*

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Hunger for Power

APOSTLES OF REVOLUTION. By Max Nomad. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

POLITICAL thought can make just as strange bedfellows as politics. The author of "Apostles of Revolution" reveals unmistakably a personal background of what is known in this country as "liberalism"; yet his book is as disillusioned about the Leftist revolutions of the last hundred years as the "pessimists in sociology" whose influence it frankly admits. Bibliographically at least, Messrs. James T. Farrell and Sidney Hook here bed with Pareto and Mr. Pitirim A. Sorokin.

The apostles are seven—Blanqui, Marx, Bakunin, Nechayev, Most, Makhno, and Stalin. This is a mixture of names familiar and unfamiliar, of theorists and men of action, of agitators, martyrs, and practical politicians. Strange though this choice of names may seem, it enables the author to do very well what he clearly wanted to do —review the course of Leftist revolutionary movements from the aftermath of the great French Revolution to their culmination in the recent Russian Revolution.

The result is an excellent book, and one which should be on the reading list of all interested in contemporary politics. The author, though disillusioned, is not stirred up to the emotional excitement that makes so much of the work of such enemies of revolution as Mr. E. D. Martin or Mr. Sorokin mere muddied anger. The book is clear and readable. Unfamiliar names and allusions are explained, not just paraded, and the windings of socialist theory, both orthodox and heretical, clearly charted—though not, one suspects, in a way acceptable to very many actual Marxists. The essay on Stalin will infuriate adherents of the present regime in Russia, but that is probably what the author wished to do.

The thesis of the book is stated on the first page: revolutionary mass movements invariably fall short in achieving their originally professed aims. This is because, first, there is a contradiction between the interests of the leaders striving for power, and the uneducated rank and file yearning for a better share of the good things of life, and second the "inexorable logic of every revolutionary struggle" which produces a new ruling aristocracy and therefore a new—or old—"class struggle." Specifically, in the "proletarian" movements of the last hundred years, the leaders have not been genuine members of the "proletariat" as defined in socialist theory, but *déclassé* intellectuals out for a career, or workers and peasants aspiring to the swivel-chair as relief from bench or plow, who with success become bureaucrats and cease to be proletarians —this even in capitalist societies, as with trades union and labor party leaders. When, as in Russia, the proletarian movement seems to succeed, these power-hungry leaders simply become a new privileged class whose position, unbuttressed by old laws and traditions, must rest on crude force and even cruder mass-indoctrination. In short, communism in Russia has come to be in essentials undistinguishable from fascism in Germany and Italy.

This thesis is, of course, endlessly debatable, but it is here admirably presented, and without any attempt to hold up the remaining democracies as shining examples over against the totalitarian states. Though free from excesses of moral indignation, the book has a not disagreeable and perhaps indispensable touch of wistful disillusion.

Crane Brinton is the author of "The Anatomy of Revolution."

"Madame Bovary, C'est Moi"

FLAUBERT AND MADAME BOVARY, A DOUBLE PORTRAIT. By Francis Steegmuller. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. JACKSON

THE strange and fascinating story of Flaubert has never been told more engagingly than by Mr. Steegmuller. Infusing animation and color into the past, he has reëstablished a living Flaubert in his particular environment. He has succeeded especially in the tremendous task of integrating the man, his theories, and his work.

Properly conceiving of Flaubert's career as essentially dramatic, the author has treated it accordingly. We see the sensitive and imaginative youth filled with "romantic" ideas, rebelling against the bourgeois provincial society of Rouen, seeking escape in fantastic forms. He revolts against studying law, from which he is saved by a peculiar recurrent malady. Deaths and separations, disappointments and discouragements add to his natural morbidness and cynicism. Literature is his escape, but his work is condemned as impossible. He realizes part of his early romantic dream by a long trip to Egypt and the Near East. He experiences nearly five years of exquisite torture in chiseling and polishing a masterpiece, "Madame Bovary." When the novel finally appears, he is prosecuted for having offended public morals and religion. The rest is merely an epilogue.

Lotte Jacobi

Francis Steegmuller

Such is the story told by Mr. Steegmuller, but this sketchy outline gives no impression of the wealth of detail with which he has packed his pages, while never losing the thread of his narrative. It is exciting and exhilarating.

In establishing the intimate relationship between Flaubert and his work, Mr. Steegmuller has skillfully shown the influence of Alfred Le Poittevin and of Louis Bouilhet particularly. He has indicated with fine penetration the extent to which Flaubert, seemingly objective and detached, has put himself into his work. Quite appropriately it was Baudelaire who first divined the real secret of the prodigious *tour de force*.

To dramatize his story more fully, Mr. Steegmuller has allowed the characters to act and speak for themselves as much as possible. The dialogue and indirect discourse are represented so convincingly that the reader forgets he is listening to unrecorded conversations. There are many excellent translations of passages from Flaubert's inimitable letters and journals. By these selections we are often forcibly reminded that Flaubert was accustomed to seek relief from the higher realms of pure esthetics by descending to domains more earthy and more salty, reminiscent of Apuleius and and Rabelais, whom he adored. In additon to the imaginary conversations and the *gauloiseries*, the author has permitted himself some liberty in using several unverified anecdotes. There are a few minor slips in the vast picture of contemporary literary society. However, such things are relatively unimportant.

Mr. Steegmuller has performed a valuable service to the literary cause by presenting a full-length study of Flaubert in English. The book is beautifully written, and it should prove to be informing and absorbing for both the neophyte and the initiate. Mr. Steegmuller himself has accomplished a real *tour de force* in treating his subject so brilliantly. Let us hope that he will give us a second volume elaborating the post-"Bovary" period which he has briefly sketched in his afterword.

J. F. Jackson is a member of the Romance department of Yale University.

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Pepys's Triumph and Fall

SAMUEL PEPYS, THE SAVIOUR OF THE NAVY. By Arthur Bryant. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

IT has now been more than half a century since the late J. R. Tanner began to release Samuel Pepys from the clutches of the "Diary" which, first published some three quarters of a century before, had dominated the conception of the character of the first and greatest Secretary of the Navy. Now, following in the footsteps of Mr. Tanner, as he followed in those of Mr. Wheatley and he in those of Lord Braybrooke, Mr. Bryant has produced a volume of which his notable predecessors may well be proud and of which Mr. Secretary Pepys, if it should ever come to his attention, as one hopes it may, will indubitably be grateful. For, unlike Mr. Bryant's earlier volumes, which leaned heavily on the "Diary" and the work of the earlier students of Pepys, this account of the Savior of the Navy is drawn in no small part from those documents which Mr. Tanner knew and which he had begun to study but which until now have never formed the subject of such a book as this.

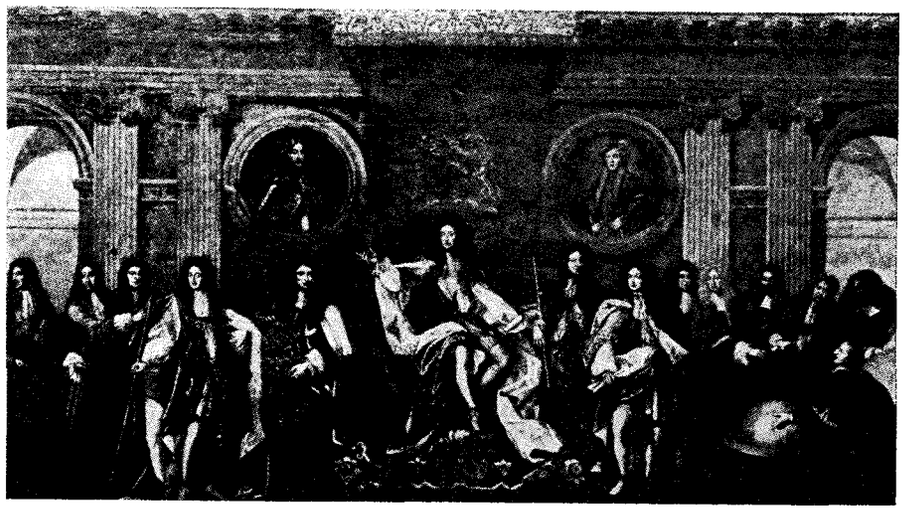
That it would be an admirable book, no one who is familiar with Mr. Bryant's two former volumes on Pepys and his study of Charles II could have any doubts. That it measures up to his earlier performances, no one who reads it can have any question. In many respects it even surpasses them. It lacks, indeed, the kind of material which lends itself to those brilliant pictures of Pepys and his England which Mr. Bryant has already painted with such sure touch and in such glowing colors. No one who has never tried it can imagine how difficult it is to wrest an interesting story from such apparently uninteresting materials as those from which this book is drawn. No one could believe that it could be done—until he had read this account of the salvation of the navy by its Secretary. To draw from six stout folios of Admiralty Letter Books such a vivid and compelling narrative of that Herculean task is a tribute not only to Mr. Bryant's literary style, but, what is more important even than that, to his capacity to see and set forth the problem of the navy and its solution by the Secretary.

It is an entertaining volume which few, if any, who begin it will lay down until it is finished. But it is more than that. It throws new light upon the Revolution of 1688 which will be extremely grateful to all students of that great event in English history. The story of that event, for which hitherto we have relied chiefly on Macaulay, is not a pleasant one, despite the noble eloquence of its greatest historian. Inevitably Mr. Bryant has written it from the standpoint of his hero, who was a moderate Tory. Inevitably, in consequence, the picture is not that of Macaulay and the Whigs. And equally inevitably, when the characters and careers of some of those saviors of society are subjected to anything like a searching analysis, they come off badly enough. It is one of the ironies of history that so many of those devoted patriots, like so many others of like character, happened to be men of reputations somewhat more than blown upon, and that some of the choicest scoundrels in Restoration politics gained a mantle of sanctity by the folly of James II and the fortunate issue of the revolution which drove him from the throne. "I look," wrote Pepys at this moment, "for no mighty improvement of mankind in this declining age and catalysis," nor was he disappointed. One need only compare Macaulay's account of what happened in the Convention with Mr. Bryant's far briefer narrative of the debate to perceive that, in a sense, the history of the Glorious Revolution remains to be written—if history is to be in any sense objective.

It was a peculiarly fortunate thing for all the rest of us that Macaulay inherited, as it were, the researches of Sir James Mackintosh and no less that Mr. Tanner inherited those of Mr. Wheatley; and Mr. Bryant those of Mr. Tanner and Mr. Wheatley both. It would have been beyond the strength of any one man, whether he were a Macaulay or a Bryant, to have accomplished single-handed such a tremendous work of investigation as these volumes within the span of a single lifetime, and still have time and energy to write it up in such fashion. Yet that is not to disparage either author. Each contributed greatly to the work of investigation, Mr. Bryant especially in this volume for which he has used materials scarcely touched by his predecessors and never until now put in literary form.

These were the years of Pepys's triumph—and his fall—and each hung in large measure on the fortunes of his King, once his Lord High Admiral and at all times devoted to the navy. It is, then, natural that Pepys was in the center of the events which hinged on James and it might seem that the Secretary might have played a greater part in those events. But he was an administrator, not a politician in the worser sense, not, as Mr. Bryant says, belonging to the "little inner ring of zealots and careerists" like Father Petre and Lord Sunderland, "egging on the King . . . to jostle his subjects out of their deepest prejudices and habits of thought." His native good sense as well as his caution kept him out of that gallery; and had it not been that, with the coming of William, Admiral Herbert for whose debaucheries, treacheries, and cruelties Mr. Bryant has no words too strong, came to be the righthand of the Prince of Orange, it might well have been that Pepys's services might have been recognized and he himself persuaded, despite his loyalty to James, to keep his post.

That was not to be and England was the poorer for it. Yet this was not the end of Mr. Pepys, nor, fortunately, is it the end of Mr. Bryant's life of him. It would be possible to question some of the minor points in this narrative; it would be possible to argue with some of its conclusions; it would be possible to regret that here and there one might wish Mr. Bryant's talents for vivid pictures had been used to fill a somewhat wider canvas with more background. But it would not be possible to question the fundamental truth of his picture, much less the charm of his informing and entertaining narrative. If it be true that "he says it last who says it best," future biographers of Pepys —if any there may be—have a task before them which must make the hardiest pause.



James II receiving the mathematical scholars of Christ's Hospital, with Samuel Pepys standing behind the globe.

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Intolerant Puritans

STATELY TIMBER. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1939. $2.75.

Reviewed by J. P. MARQUAND

THE attention of some of our best literary minds has been turned of late to the early days of Colonial Boston, and now Mr. Rupert Hughes takes his place with Miss Esther Forbes as an interpreter, through the medium of fiction, of the stocks, the whipping post, the church, the tavern, and the Court of Assistants, in fact of nearly all the concrete manifestations of the seventeenth century mind. In "Stately Timber," a long and somewhat rambling book that deals with the adventures amatory and spiritual of a maladjusted and humane Bostonian named Seaborn Fleet, and covers in its 638 pages not only New England but Cavalier Virginia and the slave-torturing Barbadoes, and even old England and France, Mr. Hughes has brought together studiously and realistically the exotic details of a vanished and misinterpreted period. The only social phase which he seems to have omitted is bundling.

Rupert Hughes

Seaborn Fleet, the son of old Matthew Fleet, a freeman and prosperous shipbuilder and hard-bitten Puritan of the early Bay Colony, had an undeniable way with the ladies. There was, for instance, the Coddington girl in Newport; she fell in love with Seaborn, simply because the smoke from their two pipes—the boys and girls smoked them, although smoking was later banned in the streets of Boston—joined and curled together in a sinuous and lascivious manner. Then there was little Cardine, one of Boston's most experienced and notorious harlots, who remained strangely pure of mind in spite of her profession, and who ended by happily marrying a judge named Mr. Caxy. Then there was the Quaker girl named Alice Brail, whom Seaborn defended from the tithing men and mob when her faith made her deem it right for her to appear in the altogether in the aisle of the Rev. Huddlestone's meeting house. This incidentally was the first time that Seaborn had seen a woman in the nude, and it appealed esthetically to his repressed artistic instincts. Then there were those slave-punishing twins down in the Barbadoes named Co and Do, and a little Cockney bond servant in Virginia named The Kid, and also a Royalist matron at the Berkeley Mansion on the James, who kept trying to get Seaborn out in the garden. Then finally, there was the fisherman's daughter, Judith, one of the best characters in the book, whom Seaborn really loved in spite of his philanderings.

It must not be supposed because of all this that Seaborn Fleet was an Early American Casanova. He was a vigorous, affectionate, and human young man, whose natural kindliness stirred him to rash rebellion against the harsh bigotry and blind cruelties of his era. This from our point of view was not unnatural, since he lived the early part of his life under the iron hand of Governor Jack Endecott—the one who once cut the cross out of the Union Jack because of its Papist implications. The theme of the novel is the struggle of tolerance against intolerance. The action takes place during the height of the Quaker persecutions in Boston. Seaborn and Judith and Matthew Fleet and the other characters move in an amazing and sometimes startling pageant, factually correct at every point in the documentary sense. Mr. Hughes has read three hundred books on the period to give us his people and his background. His favorites, one suspects, were the hideous but true court records, the wild nightmare of Cotton Mather's "Magnalia," and old Samuel Sewall's diary. He lends the reader the skill of one of our most experienced literary craftsmen as he leads him into all the ghostly byways of the age.

These examples of faithful fact make "Stately Timber" most interesting, and there are many other facts of greater and more revolting realism, relieved occasionally by rude seventeenth century humor. The whole makes one feel worse about Boston than one ever did before. Mr. Hughes has sketched this all painstakingly on what the critics love to call "a broad canvas." Indeed the canvas is so broad that there is not much composition. When it is all over, this scholarly, and in many spots highly artistic, work leaves behind a curious lack of conviction.

The greatest difficulty is that Mr. Hughes, like Miss Forbes, in spite of his long researches, seems to have acquired the background and the costumes but not the spirit of the people who lived with them. It is as though Mr. Hughes had gone to an efficient theatrical agency and had hired a number of adequate moderns for his parts, and had dressed them and had coached them carefully in their lines. He has failed, I think, to give any proper interpretation of the seventeenth century mind. This is not greatly to his discredit, for nearly every novelist with the exception of Hawthorne has failed with him. That interpretation requires an intuitive sense which cannot always be gained in the library. In fact, one wonders when it is all finished, if so much research and so much effort to make a vanished period human have really been worth while.

John P. Marquand is the author of "The Late George Apley." His new novel, "Wickford Point," is coming in March.

William Harlan Hale's Picaresque Novel

HANNIBAL HOOKER, HIS DEATH AND ADVENTURES. By William Harlan Hale. New York: Random House. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

IN 1932, when Mr. Hale was only twenty-one, he published his first book, "Challenge to Defeat," a vigorous denunciation of what he did not like in contemporary life. Now comes inevitably the young man's first novel, not a mere camouflaged autobiography as one might expect, but a strapping, picaresque story of an amazing rogue and hero.

"Hannibal Hooker" in broad outline sticks to the general pattern of the picaresque novel: there is little plot, no artificial design of action; the chief character leaves his home, attends a theological seminary, becomes a priest, deserts the church, and then passes from one bizarre political adventure to another. The hero-rogues of the old picaresque novels, if not altogether artless, are at least intelligible and unambiguous; but Hannibal Hooker is inscrutable and indistinct. Human conduct is of course often unpredictable and unaccountable, but this novel loses power because its hero is well-nigh unimaginable. Our inability to know him is perhaps responsible for the greatest weakness of the book: although there is a mighty backbone of action, the novel seems curiously invertebrate. Hannibal's escapades often astound but never fascinate us; there is rhapsody without poetry, energy without direction, fierce humor without laughter.

The style and narrative methods of this amazing and often brilliant novel are as eccentric as its hero. The book begins with a Rembrandt portrait of a Quaker home and family in Indiana; it ends with a fantastic, surrealistic party in Greenwich Village. At times there is a quaint angularity of style, like a passage out of Melville, or an antique sampler made of thin steel wire; there is an exciting account of a Caribbean revolution that recalls the lush pages of Richard Harding Davis; Hannibal's extraordinary adventures in Europe are hinted at in a clipped, impressionistic manner rather than fully described. Regularly the action stops for the hero's Priestleyan musings on Time, and for the din and clamor of theological argument between Hannibal's two comrades, a pair of intellectual hooligans. It cannot be said that the author succeeds in fusing these very diverse elements.

"Hannibal Hooker" is unquestionably an unusual novel, often absorbing, sometimes dull, rarely convincing, never banal. There is no novelist under thirty in America today whom we shall watch with more interest and hopefulness than William Harlan Hale.

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The Face of America

(*Continued from page 4*)

apparently sensible men who think unemployment is a special new problem which began in our times. There are many more who write and talk as if they thought it was. And there are beside them proud moderns who speak in contempt of the horse and buggy age as if the advent of human intelligence was somehow a corollary of the invention of the automobile.

But the most persistent form of provincialism in all the writing about America is that of those writers who in seeing cannot escape from the political or economic doctrines they hold. Those who are really caught in doctrinaire provincialism are generally those who think they are not or undertake to make their readers believe that they are not. All of us, of course, to some degree are caught in this provincialism, as we are all tied to some prejudices. He is a poor creature who has no convictions. But in those strangely similar, though entirely opposed, writings of the gentlemen of the extreme right and left there is not so much effort to portray America as it is a determination to display America as the displayers wish it to be. Some of each, of course, are liars. But not many of either, I think. In the first place it is not necessary. There is hardly a road in America upon which both cannot report in absolute truth facts which serve their purposes. Furthermore the number of hypocrites has always been greatly exaggerated. Just as old man William Jennings Bryan said most men are bribed by their own money, so most men also are persuaded by their own arguments. The tourist bureau in all honesty presents the bathing beauty. She may be prettier than most who sun on that beach; but she is a plausible fact nevertheless. The communist in exactly similar honesty presents the waif. She is a fact, too. But neither the smirking face nor the saddening one is the face of America.

It takes all the Americans to make America, maybe all of them to see it. A poet might catch its image. But our times have turned more and more from poets to photographers. And there is no instrument less dependable in portraying the American than the camera. It is the most plausible liar on this earth because in its very limited sphere it tells the unquestioned truth. But it is often a truth so limited as to make apparent truth for a limited space out of a lie. It is the half truth triumphant. It is the selected segment of the truth cut off from all the surrounding world. As such I think the photograph, especially the so-called candid photograph, is the best symbol of the blindness of America in seeing America.

Our very accumulation of facts about this land has somehow driven us further and further from our understanding of it. In our own lives more of us than ever before have to depend in absolute ignorance upon processes which we do not understand or even know exist, for our livelihood and safety. As the knowledge of the world has expanded it sometimes seems that the understanding of the individual about the processes upon which he depends has contracted. Once in the nearly self-sufficient village or town the American knew his world, knew it intimately and understood it. Better than he knew, perhaps, he understood also America. Now even in the little towns a great many of us not only never see a cow, we seldom even see the milkman. Even city people who could not be dragged to the country want to read about the fields and animals and earth change and seasons, as Charles Allen Smart discovered to his profit after the publication of his "R. F. D." We are no longer next door to the poor; we see only the pictures of them taken by the community chest or the communist party. Sometimes a New Yorker is nearer California than to his own poorer—or richer—neighbors. A very much smaller America seems farther off nevertheless. We want understanding. And what we get too often are photographs, though some of them are written, of pieces of America pulled out of its body.

They are not enough. The Federal government is providing us with an excellent series of guides along our longer and more and more excellent roads. We have many valuable studies of important American problems. Our resorts and our tragedies have been equally and widely advertised. Many excellent books have in recent years been written in description of various American regions, rivers, cities, and peoples. But I think that what the reading American needs and wants, he lacks. What he needs is a picture of America which contains him, which will give him a sense of his place in a community of men on a piece of earth. There are books written in homesickness to prove that such an America existed; there are books written in belligerent promise that such a land could be made. They leave the American lost in this present. And it is for his present which is his only time of living that he wants this glimpse of the face of America. That may be too much to ask of one book. But there will be no satisfactory picture of the Face of America which falls short of it.

Jonathan Daniels is the author of "A Southerner Discovers the South."

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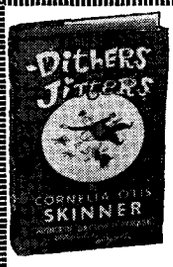

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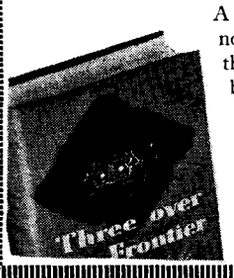

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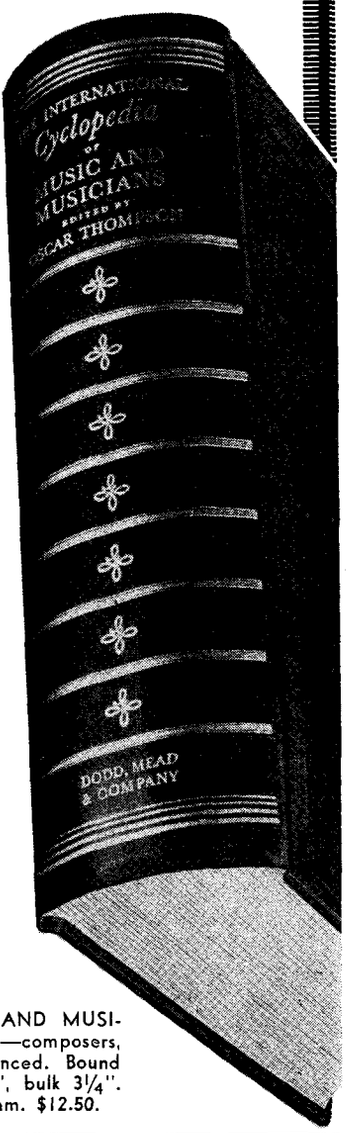

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Protest against Bigness

PROSPERITY AND SECURITY. By Ralph Borsodi. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by PAUL H. DOUGLAS

MR. BORSODI'S book is a healthy protest against the cult of bigness. He argues with much force that modern large-scale methods of production and finance are not only divisive in their effects upon human beings but, in many cases, relatively inefficient as well. They are also burdened with a large volume of predation, social waste, and parasitism. Attempts to curb such abuses by government action, Mr. Borsodi believes, will tend either to be futile or to replace private waste and ineffectiveness by equal or greater public wrongs. The way out, therefore, is to return as much as possible either to production inside the family or to small-scale custom work for individual and family consumption. In other words, Mr. Borsodi believes that the economy of rural Vermont is superior economically and esthetically to the civilizations of Boston and Pittsburgh.

In the first place, he points out that if the unpaid services of the housewives and other members of the family were included in the estimates of national income, the proportion of the flow of real income which is produced in the home would be not far from a third of the total. He then urges that this could be extended still further. For example, a barrel of white flour ground in the big mills costs the equivalent of from 8 to 10 bushels of wheat or, in 1928-29, from $8 to $10; but the same barrel of superior whole wheat flour could have been ground by small custom mills for 5 bushels, or a total cost of $5. On the basis of his own experiments at Suffern, Mr. Borsodi states this could have been done at home by an electrically driven family mill for 3.7 bushels, or about $3.70 (including interest and depreciation). The extra time involved for the consumer in the latter method he estimates at only 1½ hours more than that expended for custom milling, and 2 hours more than for factory milling. Similar studies for such food products as bread, baked beans, mayonnaise, etc., Mr. Borsodi states, show substantially similar results. The making of textiles and of clothing, building and farming, he also declares, can be done more efficiently on a small scale than on a large. There is, indeed, little doubt that the development of electricity as a source of power should exert a centrifugal influence on the clothing and textile industries which should do much to counteract the centripetal influences which the steam engine brought into being. For with steam, the transmitting mechanism which transfers inanimate power from the generating mechanism to the tool is so cumbersome that all three processes must be located under one roof—which means the factory system. With electricity, the transmitting mechanism is so relatively simple that the tool can be located in the home or in a small shop far away from the generation of the power which ultimately drives it. The loom and the sewing machine need not, therefore, be run by hand in the small unit, but may be driven by power instead.

Mr. Borsodi has written a stimulating book which is free from most of the overstatement which characterized some of his earlier writings. He now sees that such metal products as pipe, wire, motors, electrical appliances, autos, steel, etc., can only be made upon a large scale, but his trenchant warning that the advantages of large-scale production do not follow in the case of most food products, textiles, and clothing, needs to be borne in mind by all men and women. At the back of his mind is the evident belief that such a way of life is at once more gentle and more esthetically satisfying. Many of us who live in cities are likely to find his appeal attractive and will try to experiment along these lines. Both this book and Mr. Borsodi's own experiments at Suffern deserve, therefore, to be pondered and cautiously acted upon. Fortunately the decrease in the length of the working week makes this much more possible than it would have been a quarter century ago.

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ERRATUM

An unfortunate error occurred in Double-Crostics: No. 254, in the issue of February 4. In both definitions J and Z the number 161 appeared. In Z, 161 should have been 101.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 255)

DANIEL G. MASON—
MUSIC IN MY TIME

Whatever tends . . . to encourage in performance, press, and public, the attitude of showmanship is really injurious to art. . . . It is our hearts that we should open to music—not our mouths—our hearts together with our ears and our minds.

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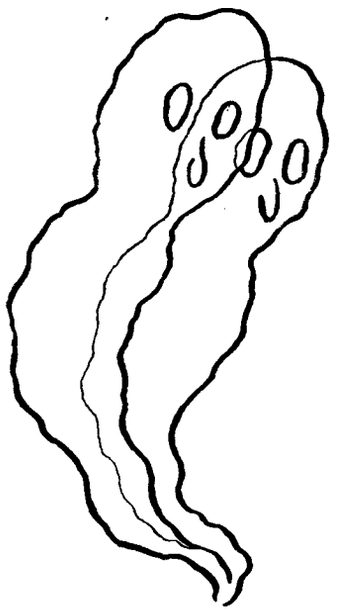

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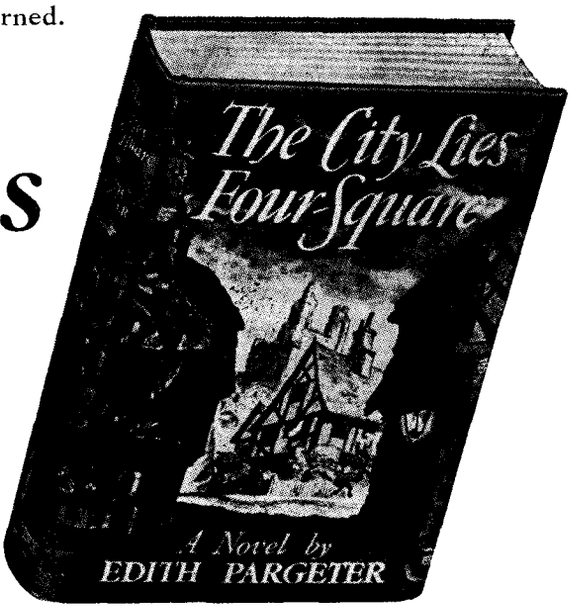
The story concerns young Dr. Julian Sears and the old and attractive house which he purchased for his bride-to-be. No one had lived in it since the last owner fled to a distant country; and Julian discovered why, the night he moved in. The place was haunted! But the great gulf between the ghost and the living was bridged. Julian found himself and his fiancee immediately entangled in the affairs of two other young lovers of another and a more glamorous time—Patrick Mundy and his Damaris, one of the strangest and most enchanting women in modern fiction.

Through pages of quiet beauty and tense situation, the story is finally resolved in a heart-stirring climax, in which both the ghostly and the human love affairs reach a surprising conclusion.

The style of *The City Lies Four-Square* has the grace and charm of the story which it spins. The book is one which will haunt you long after the last leaf is turned.

A Novel by EDITH PARGETER

The City Lies Four-Square



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The New Books

Belles Lettres

LETTERS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE. Edited by Duncan Mallam. University of Minnesota Press. 1939. $7.50.

Shenstone's reputation as a poet—never great, but secure enough to establish him as a typical rural eighteenth-century poet with sufficient sensitivity to nature to let him be hailed as a precursor of the Romantic Movement—seems gradually to be giving way to his reputation as an essayist and letter-writer. There are now good modern editions of both the essays and the letters, whereas the last edition of the poems, contemptuously annotated by the Rev. George Gilfillan, appeared in 1868. This circumstance is indicative; and indeed the achievement represented in these letters is probably more impressive than that of the dozen good poems Shenstone wrote.

Mr. Mallam, too modestly, says his edition "cannot make any pretense of even approaching the definitive," but it appears to be as complete as anyone could wish, in view of the number of Shenstone's letters known to be lost. About a hundred are here added to the canon (there are now 284), the chronology is generally determined, and the scholarly notes are kept to a necessary minimum. The volume is well arranged and expensively produced.

Aside from stylistic merit, the letters are valuable rather for their portrayal of a habit of mind, a personality, than as the product of a moral code or the record of a system of behavior. They give us an intelligent and amiable man, perhaps in no way genuinely distinguished or successful, yet just and spirited in his comment. He had only three real interests: his friendships, which were close and lasting, especially with Graves and Jago; literature in general, his own writings and those of his friends; and his estate in Shropshire. Despite this limited range, the qualities of his prose make the letters continuously interesting. Letter 31, for example, will bear comparison with the best of Walpole or Chesterfield. This excellent collection should assure Shenstone a solid place as a prose stylist in a century famous for its prose.

J. B.

Biography

THE LOG OF A LAME DUCK. By Audrey Alexandra Brown. Macmillan. 1939. $2.

Here is the memoir not of a doctor, but of a woman whose qualifications as a patient have been extensive. Miss Brown was stricken with arthritis at the age of twenty-two. After eight years as a helpless cripple she was admitted by special dispensation to a children's hospital on Vancouver Island. The proposed course of treatment was drastic, its result always a matter of doubt. But there dangled before her, during long months of a regime calculated to curl the hair of any imaginative reader, the possibility of being able to walk again.

To some extent the reader will need to call upon his imagination. Miss Brown's first-person narrative is easy to read because it is gracefully written. Fundamentally it is a record of hope and courage which cannot help but compel admiration. Yet it tells us nearly always less than we should like to know. Each reader will put the book aside with some particular question still unanswered. What really was the matter with Clari, for instance? And how did the operation on Baby Jacqueline's hand turn out?

M. W.

Fiction

NO VICTORY FOR THE SOLDIER. By James Hill. Doubleday, Doran. 1939. $2.50.

Within a week, two novels have appeared in which the central character sacrifices his life in the service of the Spanish Loyalists. The first, "Salute to Freedom," justified its moving theme; the second, "No Victory for the Soldier," falls far short of doing so.

James Hill's novel fails to be persuasive because the drama of self-sacrifice in Spain seems like a pendant, hung rather perversely upon a story of quite a different sort. By identifying himself with the Spanish cause, the central figure of "No Victory for the Soldier" seems not to be working out his inevitable destiny but simply to be indulging in a flamboyant gesture.

John Sebastian Knox, the latest in fiction's latest champion of idealism, was born to be an artist. As a performer on the piano, he is, just a little recklessly, described as being the greatest in the world. He is also a composer. Much the greater part of the novel is devoted to following his fortunes, in love and art, as a prominent performer. The adventure in Spain, as an ambulance driver, comes about by accident. Even when John Knox, with the first hint of humility in the whole smug record, begins to feel that the experience has released in him the springs of a finer music, the reader is inclined

(*Continued on page* 20)

Unions of Their Own Choosing

BY ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

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American Labor

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"If ever a book deserved to be a best seller it is this one. The material is vital and important . . . vividly and racily presented . . . It looks like required reading to me." G. K. Smart in the *Boston Transcript*

"There probably is no such thing as an 'impartial' historian . . . but if there is such a man his name is Herbert Harris . . . Although he writes with verve and color, he has enviable detachment." Sterling North in the *Chicago Daily News*

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"Honest, American, full of the Ferber fire and gusto..."

—STERLING NORTH, *Chicago Daily News*

EDNA FERBER'S autobiography is full of anecdote about the great and famous of the stage and the literary and journalistic worlds, with sympathetic and often hilarious portraits of names in the news. She tells how Winthrop Ames, the producer, during the discouraging New London tryout of *Old Man Minick* put her on the track of the show boat, sent her packing off to the Mississippi River to spend a week on the *James Adams Floating Palace,* last of the show boats; how a chance remark of William Allen White's sent her down to Oklahoma to gather material for *Cimarron;* how Walter Lippmann suggested to her the possibilities for a novel about decadent Connecticut that was to form the background of *American Beauty . . .*

And Edna Ferber having the time of her life on her first trip to New York as the successful author of the *Emma McChesney* stories, meeting Sinclair Lewis as a zany, red-haired press agent for Stokes, "a gangling, redheaded popeyed fellow; shambling, untidy, uproariously funny," spending his time avoiding the boredom of literary teas. Later, there were F.P.A., Louis Bromfield, Noel Coward, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, Alexander Woollcott and a host of others, great and near-great, to people Edna Ferber's life.

But always writing, writing—plays, short stories and her long line of novels, *Show Boat, So Big, Cimarron, Come and Get It, American Beauty.* Edna Ferber tells how she wrote them, tells her writing methods; how determinedly outglaring the typewriter keys during her morning stint is like having a baby every day in the week; how much of the success of any writer's art lies in the long, gruelling hours of hard, painfully hard work. She tells how she came to collaborate on *Stage Door* and *Dinner at Eight* with George Kaufman, that volatile genius, confirmed shoestring tier and disbeliever in walking, whose idea of a day's jaunt is from the Astor to the Music Box.

But Edna Ferber's book is more than a catalog of the people she has known and the places she has been.

If it were merely that, a delightful collection of personal reminiscences, it wouldn't be Edna Ferber's autobiography, for everything she has written speaks of a mind intensely aware of the significance of events in the world around it. She herself says of A PECULIAR TREASURE "The soul-baring school of autobiography is more embarrassing for the reader than the writer . . . This then isn't a story of my life, written because I am fatuous enough to think that anyone is interested. It is really the story of an American Jewish family in the past half-century, and as such is really a a story about America which I know and love."

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MOOR FIRES MYSTERY *Harriette R. Campbell* (Harpers: $2.)	Poisoning of London derelict and violent deaths of peer and secretary in Scotland strangely linked, as detective Simon Brade discovers.	Consolidation of clues and motives by ivory cube device fascinating—also brilliant writing, likable people, and deeply laid plot.	For connoisseurs
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SINISTER CRAG *Newton Gayle* (Scribners: $2.)	Accident fatal to three in English mountains sets Jim Greer sleuthing to prove murder case and solve mystery.	Mountain-climbing to the fore with assorted characters filled with enthusiasm for sport and motives for crime.	Good on the gentle side
THE CASE OF THE TOPAZ FLOWER *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Self-made Ill. magnate shot at party. Family heirloom vanishes. Two women die. Wealthy young dabbler in detection runs show.	Frequent inter-family fights and backbitings gum up action of none too tightly knit plot. Solution is clever.	Spotty
SOME DAY I'LL KILL YOU *Dana Chambers* (Dial: $2.)	Elusive killer loose in Conn. mansion slays two women before "Casanova Tarzan" Steele gets sock on head and sees light.	Somewhat antiquated plot—nucleus lavishly overlaid with rapid-fire talk, brisk and bloody action, piquantly pulchritudinous females, and fervent drinking.	Lusty

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 18)

to feel ironic. John Knox has been so confident of his preëminence before.

The chief fault of the book lies in the failure to create a believable man of sensibility. John Knox is principally good at disdain. Perhaps the keynote of his utterly charmless character may be found in the frequently repeated words: "Knox giggled." He giggles through all the crises of his life, and it is the echo of that false, strained, contemptuous laughter that rings alienatingly through the novel.

The book is written with complete facility. There is evidence in it of a certain gift for phrase-making. But of the tactics of the novel, the author knows little. Everything is told; almost nothing dramatized. The monotonous exposition of a smug point of view goes on and on for nearly 400 pages. The stamp of dogged and audacious mediocrity is upon it all.

J. G.

SPRING JOURNEY. By Geneva Stephenson. Macmillan. 1939. $2.50.

This is a novel of mid-eighteenth century England, written in the manner and language of the contemporary novel. Tom Piers, a brusque and woman-hating painter who has become fashionable in spite of himself, tells how he rescued a beautiful and highborn stranger who was being sold by her brother, and, after many adventures, married her himself. Like the novels of Fielding and Smollett, Miss Stephenson's novel is crowded with events and characters. Nearly every chapter describes a hair-breadth escape.

Nearly every chapter also presents a careful picture of some aspect of contemporary life. We attend fairs, cockfights, public executions, and audiences with the King; we meet gypsies, highwaymen, the world of fashion, prisoners in Newgate, lay preachers, counterfeiters; we even have a talk with Dr. Johnson and an evening of popular songs. At times Miss Stephenson almost overdoes her documentation; she makes no concessions to the reader who has not her information. For instance, there are numberless dialogues in the Romany tongue.

Nevertheless, though the action may occasionally be lost in the stills, Miss Stephenson's picture of Georgian society is always interesting. Those intellectuals who are accustomed to say that the eighteenth century was the only civilized era may profit from studying it here. Like Fielding (who appears in person in her book), Miss Stephenson shows how much degradation and misery there were among the poor, how much brutality and corruption among the rich, in that age of grace and manners.

Miss Stephenson has inevitably set herself up for comparison with the great eighteenth century novelists, with the added handicap of having to get up the background. If none of her characters quite matches those of her models, still the variety of sight and sound and smell and incident make "Spring Journey" an extremely vigorous and brisk story.

K. S.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE American Booksellers' Association this week announced their annual awards, which were published at the Book-and-Author Luncheon presided by Clifton Fadiman. ☞In fiction the choice was *Rebecca;* in biography, *Listen, the Wind;* in miscellaneous non-fiction, *With Malice Toward Some.* And as the Booksellers' Own Discovery, *The World Was My Garden,* by Professor David Fairchild. ☞Guests at the luncheon heard Daphne Du Maurier acknowledge the award for *Rebecca* in a short, interesting talk via transatlantic telephone.

☞In the forthcoming *Letters of T. E. Lawrence,* edited by David Garnett (Doubleday) we were struck by this passage, worth remembering:—

"A book's life only begins when the newness has passed off its covers, and when the reviewers have stopped talking." ☞We are also tickled by Lawrence's remark, about his *Seven Pillars:* "I hate bibliophiles, and did my best to throw them off the track; so I did not number my copies, or declare how large the edition was, or have a standard binding, or signatures, or anything posh." ☞What a fine collection of books could be made that would not include any numbered or signed copies. ☞The Civil War and the American Revolution having run their course in recent fiction, now comes the War of 1812. The first gun is announced by Houghton Mifflin, viz. Ben Ames Williams' *Thread of Scarlet,* due early in March and sounds like lively reading. ☞E. P. Dutton and Co. remark that "Ten Million People stay home Saturday nights to listen to the Toscanini concerts," and shrewdly suggest *Music and the Listener,* by Harry Allen Feldman, for this great audience. ☞Somehow we were amused by an item in a bookseller's catalogue: *"Lectures in America* by Gertrude Stein. Miss Stein's own evaluation of her literary and artistic credo. 65 cents." ☞Ernest Dressel North (Summit, New Jersey) lists as a recent acquisition 35 holograph letters by Lafcadio Hearn, 145 manuscript pages, most of them unpublished. "Several are signed in his intimate *Hearny boy* manner," which sounds rather grim. ☞We sympathize with Miss E. Arnot Robertson who remarked at a meeting of authors and boblishers (in London) that "there is not enough guidance in publishers' advertisements to the second-best books." ☞Miss Robertson also lamented the perfunctory second-string review which always says "This is a pleasantly written tale of love on the Yorkshire moorlands."

☞Irreverent and evasive, we had to laugh when we got a bid (at $25 per cover) to the 53rd annual Lincoln Dinner of the National Republican Club. ☞"The party of the First Republican President is on the march," began the letter. ☞On its mouth, we fear: the program listed as speakers one ex-President, two Senators, a parson, and no less than six Governors. Ten in all; probably at least three hours of palaver. ☞How Lincoln would have ribbed it—or as Huck Finn said, "I wouldn't listen to a string of preachers like that if I *never* got to glory." ☞The learned Dr. J. Schwartz has moved his stock of rare books and rare bibliophilic scrutiny from London to 32 East 57 Street and has just issued his first American catalogue from that address. ☞Dr. Schwartz brought back with him from England about half of the famous Bucke collection of Walt Whitman; it was sold en bloc the very day the catalogue appeared (Groundhog Day). ☞Dr. Schwartz notes in his catalogue how many collectors have been fooled by the handwriting of the first Mrs. Thomas Hardy, which greatly resembled her husband's. ☞The great battle of the Hitler books will soon begin. Stackpole Sons report that "having invited and received service" in the suit to enjoin instituted by Houghton Mifflin, they will positively publish their edition of *Mein Kampf* on Feb. 28. ☞The Reynal and Hitchcock edition, authorized by Houghton Mifflin (holders of the American copyright) will follow March 1.

☞Viking Press reports that James Joyce's new book, known for some sixteen years as *Work in Progress* (not to be confused with W. P. A.), will be published in England and the U. S. about May 1st, under the title *Finnegan's Wake.*

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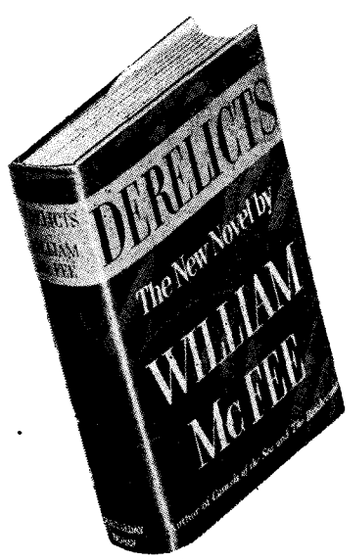

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169-N	170-A		171-S	172-J	173-Y	174-T										

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Tree symbolic of the universe (Norse).

B. Above (Fr.) (2 wds.).

C. Character in "Pericles."

D. Having shape of tea plant.

E. Having unequal sides and angles (geom.).

F. Whom Melchizedek blessed.

G. Shrimplike decapod crustacean.

H. Precursor of the present flute.

I. Anti-aircraft gun (Brit. sl.).

J. Degenerate race in "Gulliver's Travels."

K. Increase in value.

L. Commit or consign.

M. Treaty port in Fukien, China.

N. Made unfashionable.

O. Expostulate.

P. What Kim "acquired."

Q. Author of "The Prince and the Page."

R. Novel by Francis Crawford (2 wds.).

S. Attribute.

T. Not announced in advance.

U. English historian (1794-1871).

V. Uproar.

W. Saint, protomartyr among women.

X. *Invests, clothes.*

Y. Handed over; melted down.

WORDS

170	116	24	164	88	5	97	140	43		
89	106	25	162	127	28					
87	138	83	22	67	47	37	33	44		
90	108	38	105	66	29	120	136			
122	160	30	42	152	163	109				
1	126	27	150	111	41	19				
98	84	94	125	130						
68	14	46	147	71	80	58	21			
78	9	157	117	62	92					
6	119	91	156	172						
158	148	31	69	23	55	121				
57	145	4	74	154	54					
118	17	60	131	123	51	36				
18	48	169	59	135	3	161	86			
16	99	52	63	155	34	110	70	167	134	96
146	103	113	12	50						
149	32	2	15	40						
139	72	79	124	151	133	129	141	114		
82	65	142	11	153	171	8				
132	174	93	45	144	159	85	101			
73	39	112	128	35						
81	64	165	20	115	10					
107	7	26	76	102	137					
143	61	100	168	77	49					
173	56	75	13	53	95	166	104			

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